

shooting birds, and are not exclusively fish arrows, as is often supposed.

Besides these, there are the arrows with a large blunt knob at the end, used for stunning the large Birds of Paradise, without spoiling their skins, as described by Wallace. Pointed arrows are, however, used more frequently for this purpose, as Mr. Wallace relates, because the birds are so strong as to escape being stunned, and the points are more certain weapons. It is curious that closely similar knobbed arrows are used in South America by certain tribes, to kill Trogons and other fine plumaged birds. One man brought for sale a large Bird of Paradise, dried in the usual manner for sale, but he wanted for it the full price asked by the Chinese dealers at Dobbo.

I procured two guides, a boy and a man, and promised them a florin for every Bird of Paradise that I shot. I had previously been in pursuit of the birds at Wokan, but they were not so common there, and I believe that the native guides did not exert themselves to show us the birds, as they no doubt regard them more or less as property, and a source of wealth.

My first acquaintance with the great Bird of Paradise (*Paradisea apoda*) was at Wokan. I was making my way through the forest with a guide in the very early morning, when a flock of birds flew by in the misty light, passing right over my head. They flew like a flock of Jackdaws somewhat, and I was disgusted to realize, when too late, that they were a flock of the very birds I was in search of. I did not fire for fear of disturbing the woods. I heard them cry soon after "wauk, wauk," but could not come up with them.

At Wantumbai with my guides, I first encountered a number of Fruit-Bats, which were on the wing in the early morning, and I killed one with a young one hanging at its breast. We soon heard the cry of the great Bird of Paradise, "wauk, wauk." I crept up within shot with my guides several times, but as usual, though they saw the bird plainly amongst the foliage, I could not make it out in time, though I saw the leaves rustle. I did not want to fire without making sure. The guides, in view of the florin, were as excited as I was, and kept seizing my arm and pointing, "burong mate, burong mate," but away went the bird without showing itself to me.

The birds seemed to keep constantly on the move in the trees, hopping from branch to branch, and were very quick and silent in their flight away to a fresh spot. Several times I saw them amongst the branches of trees, so high that it was useless to shoot at them, and my cartridges, specially prepared with nearly four drachms of powder, had no effect.

They seemed to be as often single as in companies, and